MARVEL COMICS
DEFENDERS OF DYNATRON CITY
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MAY
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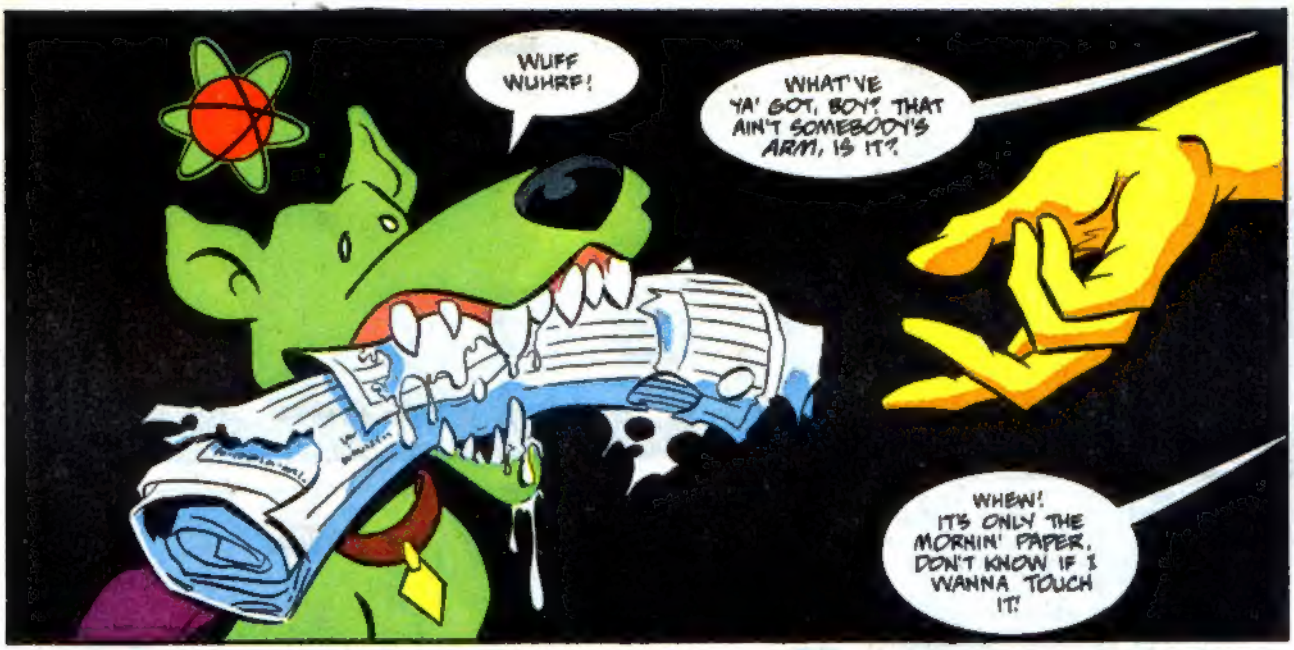
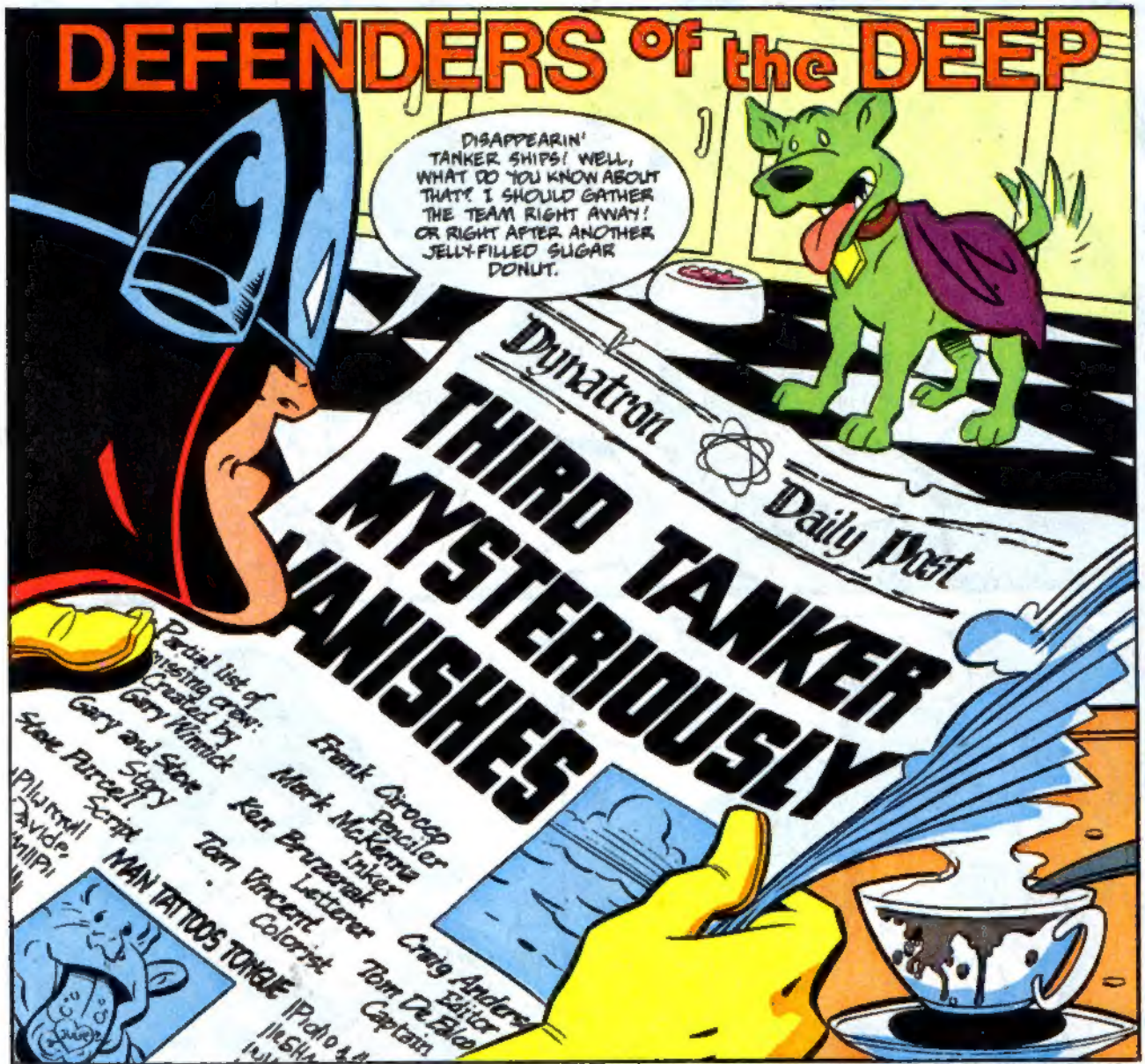
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
IT'S DEFENDER VS. DEFENDER...
...IN THE ARENA OF SHAME!
PURCELL



DEFENDERS of the DEEP


DISAPPEARIN' TANKER SHIPS! WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? I SHOULD GATHER THE TEAM RIGHT AWAY! OR RIGHT AFTER ANOTHER JELLY-FILLED SUGAR DONUT.
Dynatron Daily Post
THIRD TANKER MYSTERIOUSLY VANISHES
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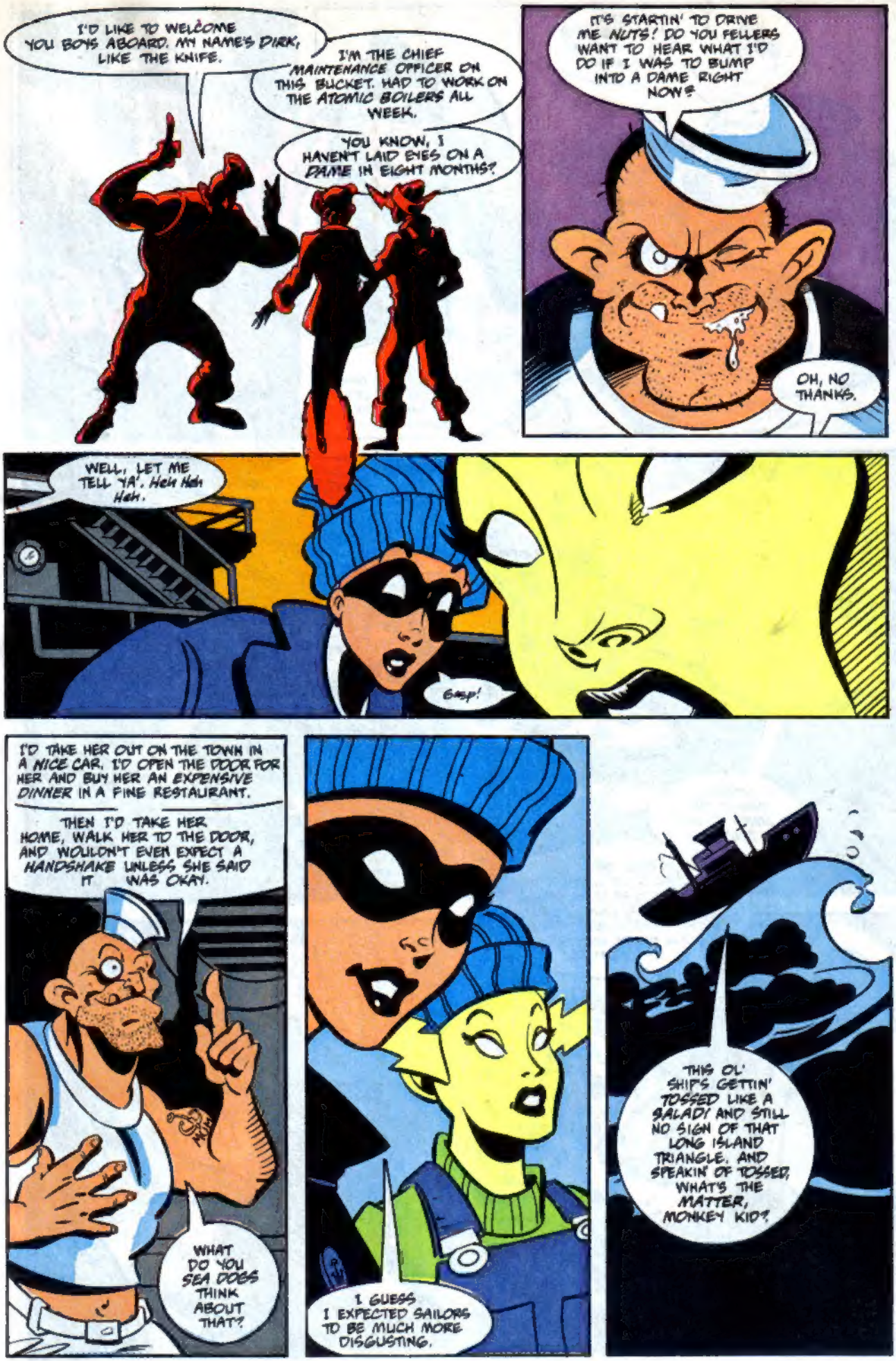
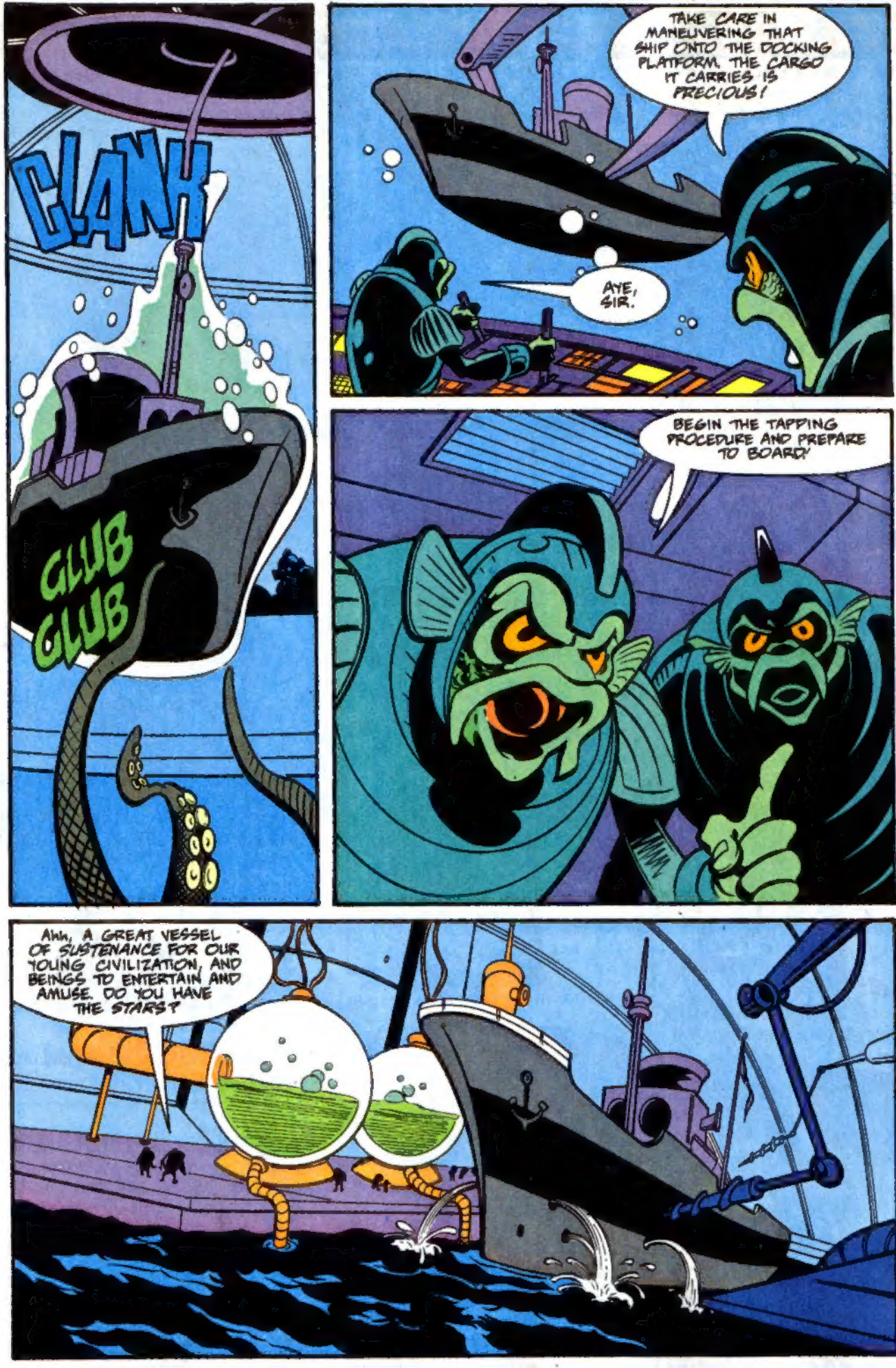
IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO CHECK OUT THIS CASE INCOGNITO, JET.
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD SPEAK ITALIAN, MONKEY KID. BUT, HEY, WASN'T IT A GOOD IDEA TO DRESS UP IN THESE HERE DISGUISES?
MINE ITCHES.
SO, YOU BE WANTIN' TO SIGN UP AS A CREW, EH? WELL, THAT'LL SAVE ME THE TROUBLE OF DRAFTIN' DRUNKEN, UNCONSCIOUS BONEHEADS FROM THE NEIGHBORHOOD PUB.
SO, DO YOU HAVE ANY SEAFARIN' EXPERIENCE?
OF COURSE WE DO! CAN'T YOU TELL BY OUR COSTUMES? I MEAN, OUR AUTHENTIC OCCUPATION-ORIENTED GARB?
DON'T TAKE THIS THE WRONG WAY, BUZZSAW GIRL, BUT YOU AND MS. MEGAWATT MAKE VERY CONVINCING MEN!
I'D NEVER MISTAKE BUZZSAW GIRL FER A MAN, EVEN A SENSITIVE, CARING MAN!

I C'N TELL THAT LITTLE HAIRY ONE'S GOIN'TA' BE TROUBLE.
SAY, JET. DOES THAT AFTER-SHAVE YOU'RE WEARIN' COME WITH THE OUTFIT? HeeHeeHee!
WOO
WOO
IT WAS THE THIRD ATOMIC TANKER IN THE FLEET, LOADED UP WITH PROTO COLA SYRUP FOR EXPORT. AN' THEY ALL WENT DOWN IN THE SAME VICINITY OF THE ATLANTIC.
THERE'S A NAME FOR THAT STRETCH, GIVEN BY SEAGOIN' MEN--
--THEY CALL IT THE LONG ISLAND TRIANGLE!
WHERE THE SEA TAKES TO BUBBLIN' AND THEN IT SPINS AN' SWIRLS LIKE NEPTUNE'S OWN COMMODE, SUCKIN' EVERYTHING STRAIGHT DOWN TO THE VERY BOWELS OF CREATION!
VERY SICK PUPPY.

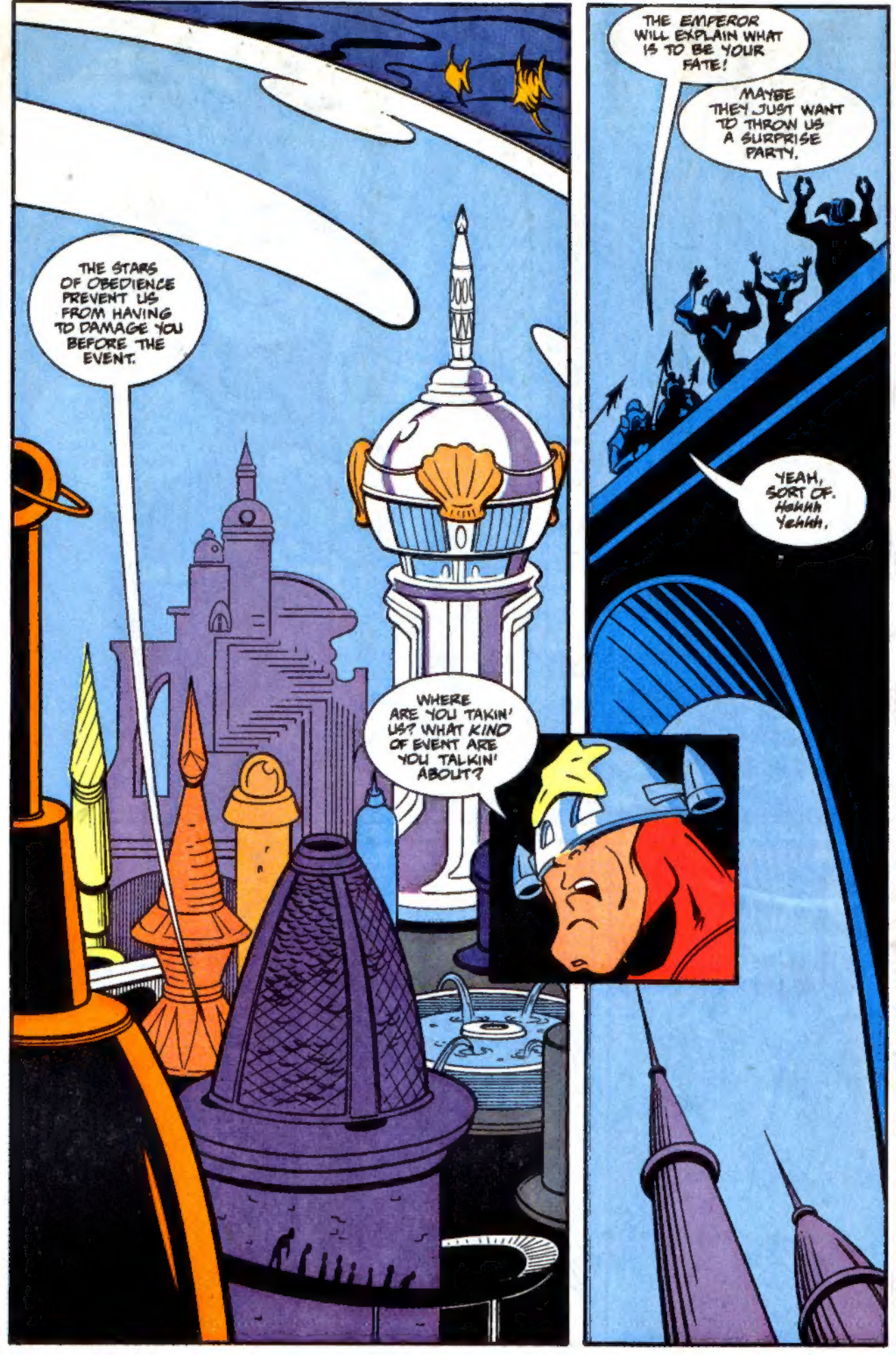

I'D LIKE TO WELCOME YOU BOYS ABOARD. MY NAME'S DIRK, LIKE THE KNIFE.
I'M THE CHIEF MAINTENANCE OFFICER ON THIS BUCKET. HAD TO WORK ON THE ATOMIC BOILERS ALL WEEK.
YOU KNOW, I HAVEN'T LAID EYES ON A DAME IN EIGHT MONTHS?
IT'S STARTIN' TO DRIVE ME NUTS! DO YOU FELLERS WANT TO HEAR WHAT I'D DO IF I WAS TO BUMP INTO A DAME RIGHT NOW?
OH, NO THANKS.
WELL, LET ME TELL YA'. Heh Heh Heh.
Gasp!
I'D TAKE HER OUT ON THE TOWN IN A NICE CAR. I'D OPEN THE DOOR FOR HER AND BUY HER AN EXPENSIVE DINNER IN A FINE RESTAURANT.
THEN I'D TAKE HER HOME, WALK HER TO THE DOOR, AND WOULDN'T EVEN EXPECT A HANDSHAKE UNLESS SHE SAID IT WAS OKAY.
WHAT DO YOU SEA DOGS THINK ABOUT THAT?
I GUESS I EXPECTED SAILORS TO BE MUCH MORE DISGUSTING.
THIS OL' SHIP'S GETTIN' TOSSED LIKE A SALAD! AND STILL NO SIGN OF THAT LONG ISLAND TRIANGLE. AND SPEAKIN' OF TOSSED, WHAT'S THE MATTER, MONKEY KID?

:UK!: OH, JUST THE USUAL, JET. SIMPLE LAW OF SCIENCE. :Cof!: WHAT GOES DOWN MUST COME UP... OVER AND OVER AGAIN! :Gak!:
Ohhhhh... MY ANCESTORS WERE TREE DWELLERS. THEY DIDN'T EVEN LIKE TO DRINK WATER! I SHOULD TAKE A HINT.
KACHUNG
WOW! SOUNDS LIKE WE HIT AN ICEBERG. A BIG IRON AND STEEL ONE!
WHAT TH-- GOOD GOSH!
DEFENDERS ASSEMBLE! NOW!
I SAW ONE OF THESE IN A MOVIE ONCE, BUT YOU COULD TELL IT WAS JUST A RUBBER GLOVE FULL OF JELLO!
Whilline
THAT REMINDS ME--A NEW SUSHI BAR JUST OPENED AROUND THE CORNER FROM DDC HEADQUARTERS THIS WEEK.

WE'RE GOIN' DOWN! EVERYONE SELECT A BUDDY!
GLURP
IT'S NOT A REAL SQUID AT ALL! IT'S A GIANT TOY SQUID! THINK IT MIGHT BE TOO MUCH TO ASSUME THAT THIS COULD HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THOSE MISSING TANKERS?
tink tink tink
tink


CLANK
GLUB GLUB
TAKE CARE IN MANEUVERING THAT SHIP ONTO THE DOCKING PLATFORM. THE CARGO IT CARRIES IS PRECIOUS!
AYE, SIR.
BEGIN THE TAPPING PROCEDURE AND PREPARE TO BOARD!
Ahh, A GREAT VESSEL OF SUSTENANCE FOR OUR YOUNG CIVILIZATION, AND BEINGS TO ENTERTAIN AND AMUSE. DO YOU HAVE THE STARS?

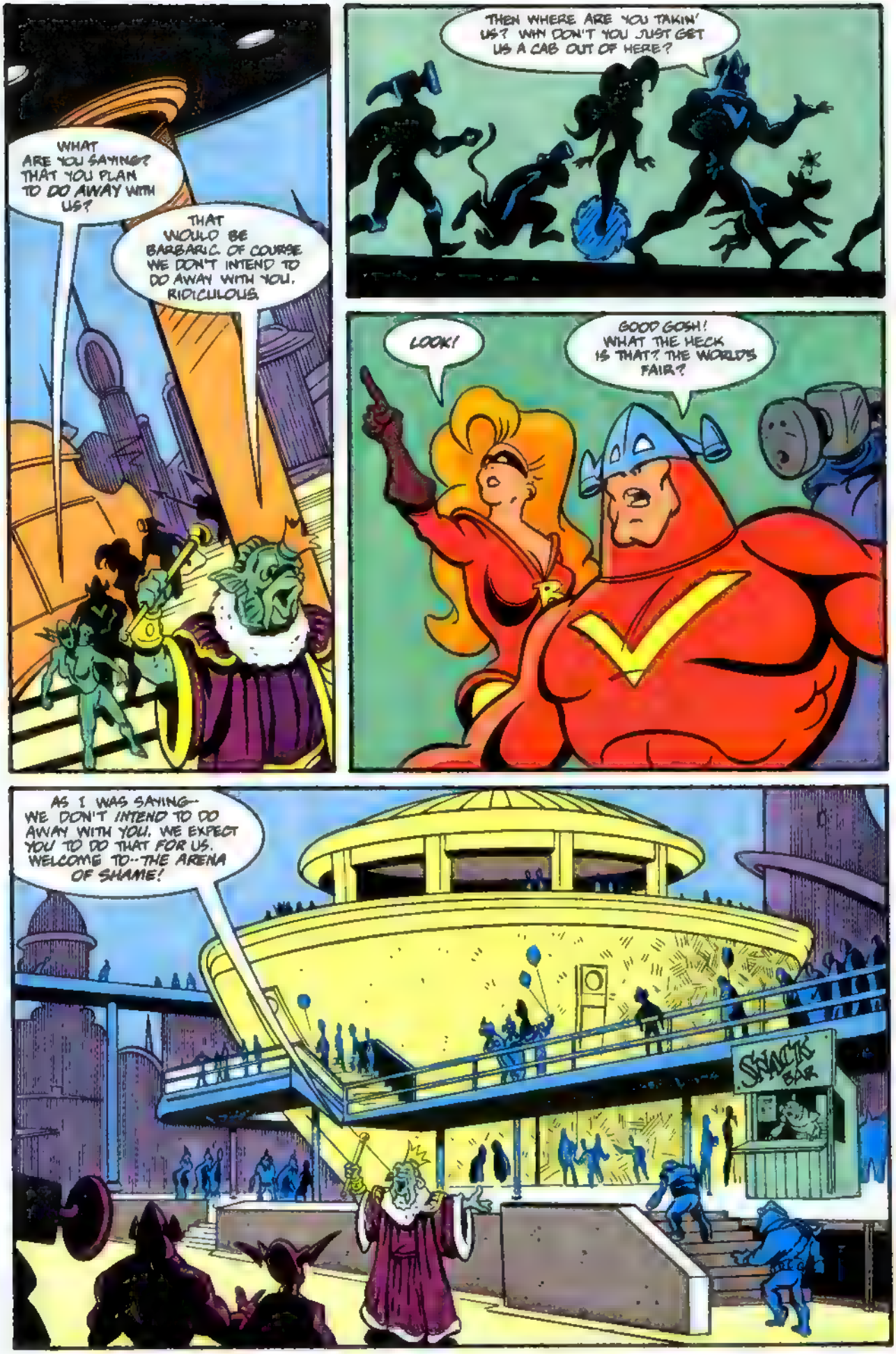
WE MUST APPLY THE STARS OF OBEDIENCE BEFORE THEY ARE FULLY CONSCIOUS!
THIS IS TURNING INTO A BAD HAIR DAY!
OHHH... ARE WE DROWNED?
HEY! WHAT TH-?
SPOCK
I DON'T WANT TO RESIST. FOR SOME REASON, I JUST WANT TO FOLLOW THAT NICE FISH-FACED GUY.
MY POWER FEELS ALMOST COMPLETELY DRAINED. I DON'T EVEN THINK I COULD LIGHT A CHRISTMAS BULB.
OF COURSE YOU WANT TO FOLLOW. YOU ARE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE STARS.
THAT'S FINE. I'VE ALWAYS ENJOYED ASTROLOGY.


THE STARS OF OBEDIENCE PREVENT US FROM HAVING TO DAMAGE YOU BEFORE THE EVENT.
WHERE ARE YOU TAKIN' US? WHAT KIND OF EVENT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?
THE EMPEROR WILL EXPLAIN WHAT IS TO BE YOUR FATE!
MAYBE THEY JUST WANT TO THROW US A SURPRISE PARTY.
YEAH, SORT OF. Hahhh Yehhh.

KIND OF A COZY PLACE THE EMPEROR HAS HERE.
BEHOLD... EMPEROR CLAMMY THE ABSOLUTE!
WELCOME, SURFACE BEINGS, TO THE WORLD OF SPONGE-OPOLIS.
THAT'S THE NAME OF THE WAITER DOWN AT MY FAVORITE GREEK RESTAURANT!
SPOIK
Ouch! OH, I'M STILL WEAK, BUT IT FEELS LIKE MY POWER IS STARTING TO RETURN.
I FEEL SAPPED, TOO. I COULDN'T FIGHT MY WAY OUT OF A LUNCH BAG.
YEAH, AND MY ABILITY TO MAKE WRY COMMENTS IS SEVERELY IMPAIRED.
EXCUSE ME, MISTER CLAMMY, SIR, BUT WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
SPONGEOPOLIS IS THE CULMINATION OF A SERIES OF FORTUNATE MISHAPS, FORTUNATE FOR OUR CULTURE...

"THE LEGEND BEGINS WITH A DIM MEMORY. ONE OF YOUR WORLD'S MIGHTY VESSELS, TOSSED HELPLESSLY BY THE ALL-POWERFUL FURY OF THE SEA--
"LIKE A TINY SPECK OF YOUR WORLD, SWALLOWED BY OURS. DISCARDED AGAINST PITILESS ROCKS. SPLIT OPEN, LIKE A DELICIOUS CRAB DINNER--
"A SYRUP ISSUED FORTH. GREEN AND INVITING. WE SWAM AMONGST IT, CONSUMED IT. THE SYRUP BROUGHT STRENGTH AND COGNIZANCE--
!
"WE KNEW OUR LIVES WOULD BE SIGNIFICANTLY ALTERED. THE CHANGE CAME IMMEDIATELY--
"FROM OUR PRIMITIVE BODIES CAME A LARGER, BULKIER, PRIMITIVE BODY. A MIND. WE CONCEIVED A CIVILIZATION! ARMS, HANDS AND FINGERS TO BUILD IT!

BUT THE EFFECT IS FLEETING. REGULAR INFUSIONS OF YOUR WORLD'S SYRUP ARE NECESSARY TO MAINTAIN OUR ADVANCED STATE. WE BEGAN BY TAKING YOUR VESSELS BY FORCE, USING PRIMARY METHODS OF PIRACY, AND NOW WITH THE AID OF OUR GIANT ROBOTIC BEHEMOTH. WE CALL HIM SPANKY.
BUT YOU CAN'T JUST TAKE WHAT'S NOT YOURS!
WE TAKE WHAT WE WISH! WE INTEND NEVER TO RETURN TO THIS EVOLUTIONARY STATE.
WE KEEP SUCH REMINDERS OF THE LOWER FORM WE ONCE WERE. WE WILL NOT GO BACK! NOT EVER!
CUTE LITTLE GUY. KIND OF CUDDLY, IN A COLD, SLIMY SORT OF WAY.
NOW OUR STORY IS KNOWN TO YOU. AND THAT ENSURES THE FACT THAT YOU ARE FINISHED.
IF WE ALLOWED YOU TO RETURN TO THE SURFACE, YOU WOULD LEAD AN ARMY OF AVENGING SURFACE DWELLERS DOWN UPON OUR CITY!


WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? THAT YOU PLAN TO DO AWAY WITH US?
THAT WOULD BE BARBARIC. OF COURSE WE DON'T INTEND TO DO AWAY WITH YOU. RIDICULOUS.
THEN WHERE ARE YOU TAKIN' US? WHY DON'T YOU JUST GET US A CAB OUT OF HERE?
LOOK!
GOOD GOSH! WHAT THE HECK IS THAT? THE WORLD'S FAIR?
AS I WAS SAYING— WE DON'T INTEND TO DO AWAY WITH YOU. WE EXPECT YOU TO DO THAT FOR US. WELCOME TO--THE ARENA OF SHAME!
SNACK BAR

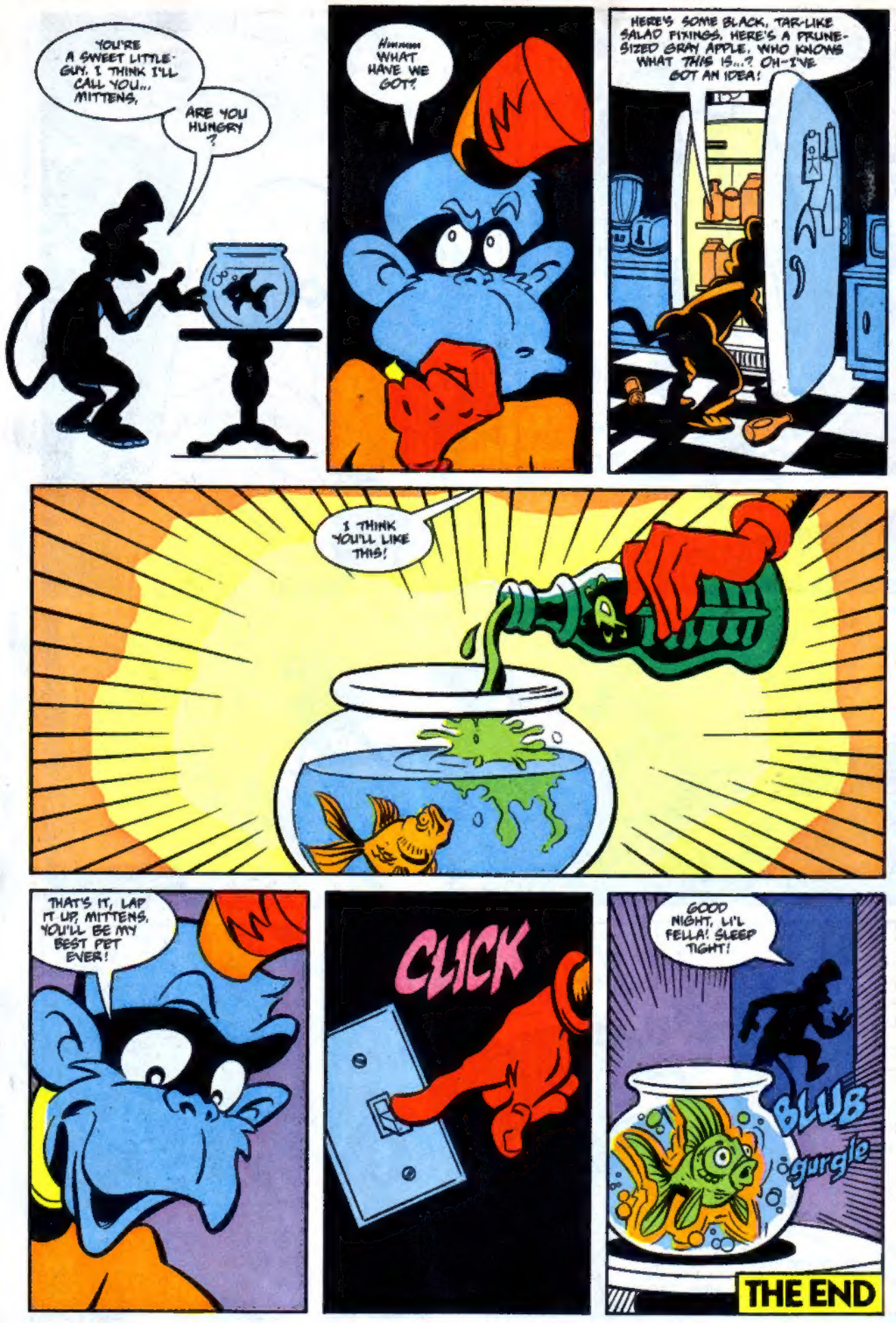
WHOOOSH
CLONG!
PUNG
PUNG
THIS'LL MAKE THOSE CHARACTERS GAPE LIKE A BUCKET FULL O' TROUT!
HOWDY, FOLKS!
YEP, THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.

WHAT IN THE NAME OF HENRY LIMPET IS THIS?
YOU'RE NOT HUMAN! AND YET YOU LIVE AMONGST THEM! WHAT ARE YOU? A GOD?
NAAH, WE'RE HUMAN. WE'RE JUST KINDA SPECIAL. RIGHT, BUZZSAWN GIRL?
THUMBS UP, JET! I THINK MY POWER HAS RETURNED ENOUGH TO PULL OFF A PRETTY LIGHTWEIGHT DEMO!
YOOHOO! MISTER TUNA CASSEROLE!
BZZZ BZZZ BZZZZ BZZZZZ

OHH. I DON'T NEED THIS.
HA HA HA HA
REACH OUT AND TOUCH SOMEONE, MS. MEGAWATT. Hyuk Yuk
AT THIS POINT I'VE GOT ENOUGH POWER TO EITHER MAKE TWO SLICES OF TOAST OR SHOW THIS STRONGARM I'M NOT JUST THE GIRL NEXT DOOR.
ZZZZZT!
VERY GOOD. VERY GOOD THIS IS MUCH MORE ENTERTAINING THAN BORING OLD VIOLENCE AND HORROR.

I COULD NEVER ALLOW SUCH WONDERFUL BEINGS TO DO AWAY WITH ONE ANOTHER--
GLAD I DIDN'T HAVE TO SHOW OFF. ALL I CAN DO IS HANG BY MY TAIL AND EAT BANANAS UPSIDE DOWN OCCASIONALLY.
YOU ARE ALL FREE TO GO, BUT WE INVITE YOU TO STAY AND LIVE WITH US AS GUESTS IN OUR CITY! I HOPE YOU LIKE SEAFOOD.
WE'D LIKE TO GO HOME, SIR, BUT WE NEED TO KNOW THAT YOU WON'T TAKE ANY MORE OF OUR PROTO COLA SYRUP TANKERS.
WE APPRECIATE THE OFFER, EMPEROR CLAMMY, BUT WE HAVE WORK TO DO BACK IN DYNATRON CITY.
I HAVE AN IDEA! WHAT IF YOUR CITIZENS RECEIVE A REGULAR SHIPMENT BY ATOMIC TANKER SUB, OF PROTO COLA SYRUP IN EXCHANGE FOR USEFUL OCEAN PRODUCTS LIKE SEA KELP AND PUKA SHELLS!
I CAN'T MAKE THAT PROMISE. WE NEED THE GREEN SYRUP TO MAINTAIN OUR MUTATED SUPER-INTELLIGENT SOCIETY.
HOORAY! THAT'S JUST THE KIND OF SIMPLISTIC, COBBLED TOGETHER SOLUTION WE CAN GET TANKED UP OVER!
GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO HIJACK CRUISE SHIPS FOR FUN FROM NOW ON.

LATER, AT DEFENDERS OF DYNATRON CITY HEADQUARTERS--
IT'S GREAT TO BE HOME. HEY, WHAT SMELLS SO GOOD?
OH, I THINK I LEFT AN OMELETTE COOKING ON THE STOVE THREE DAYS AGO. GLAD IT DIDN'T BURN THE BUILDING DOWN.
ME, TOO. I'M READY TO SACK OUT.
I STILL FEEL WEAK.
I'M GOING TO FALL ASLEEP RIGHT AWAY.
I THINK WE SHOULD ALL HIT THE HAY.
I TOOK SOME TIME TO ANALYZE A COUPLE OF THESE STARS OF OBEDIENCE, AND I'VE CONCLUDED THAT ITS TOXIC EFFECT WILL HAVE COMPLETELY WORN OFF BY MORNING.
I GUESS SLEEP IS THE MOST APPROPRIATE PRESCRIPTION. WAIT A SECOND, I HAD TWO OF THESE! RADIUM DOG! COME BACK HERE!
I'M SURE EMPEROR CLAMMY WON'T MIND THAT I BROUGHT THIS LITTLE FELLA HOME.


YOU'RE A SWEET LITTLE GUY, I THINK I'LL CALL YOU... MITTENS.
ARE YOU HUNGRY?
Hmmm WHAT HAVE WE GOT?
HERE'S SOME BLACK, TAR-LIKE SALAD FIXINGS, HERE'S A PRUNE-SIZED GRAY APPLE. WHO KNOWS WHAT THIS IS..? OH-I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
I THINK YOU'LL LIKE THIS!
THAT'S IT, LAP IT UP, MITTENS. YOU'LL BE MY BEST PET EVER!
CLICK
GOOD NIGHT, LI'L FELLA! SLEEP TIGHT!
BLUB
gurgle
THE END

A

VIGILANTE 407

DCP Scan